# THE EMERALD.

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## *ORIGINAL.*

## THE WANDERER.

*No.* 122.

"Come, I'll question you
"Of my lord's tricks!"

IT is the gratification of little minds to detect foibles. They have not comprehension enough to view the whole of a character. They cannot extend their sphere of vision to embrace it all at a glance, and are therefore obliged to fix upon some spot on its surface. There are certain objects that can be viewed only through microscopes, and that microscopes only can magnify.

Still, however, philosophy will not complain, that minds are framed of such narrow dimensions. It is her business to make the best improvement of things, as she finds them constituted in nature, and by rightly applying them, to discover the design of nature in bringing them into being, or in suffering them to exist. Poisons are the medicines of life. Every thing that inexperience would pronounce evil, is found necessary to the production of good; and sometimes to the preservation of the very good it seemed formed to destroy. Not a hardship exists, which is not imposed as a corrective; not a check, which is not necessary to produce the balances in the constitution of nature. The watch, which the insignificant keep upon character, is a restriction in favor of virtue. It tends only to produce the bondage, which to the good man is perfect freedom. The eye, that is out on the search for blemishes, turns away when it finds none. Men of sense have then another inducement to keep their characters without spot, that they may thus afford no resting place for the eye of folly.

This vigilance, however, is more particularly directed to the characters of distinguished men. Here the detection of faults or of follies by those who drudge in the work, is usually attended with a swell of the heart, a sort of self satisfaction from their seeming to rise towards the great, on being nearer their level, from having brought them down. The delight arising from the consciousness of having dragged to light some hitherto unknown foible in an eminent character, seems in some men so great, as to make the satyrist doubt, whether the pleasures of innocence are not exceeded by the joys of malignity. The defects of great men, says Swift, are the consolation of the dunces. Petulance is glad to find equanimity off its guard, and dulness rejoiced to catch genius nodding. This is all natural, and in answer to the remark of the Dean, to deprive dunces of consolation, let great men correct their defects. But vigilance is sometimes disappointed of its prey, and is then

apt to seek repose in detraction. It would cast the shade it cannot find. Railing, says Junius, is a relief to the mind. What begins in jest, ends in serious aspersion. Some *ambiguous giving out* in a large circle, produces inquiry into *my lord's tricks*. The inquiry is answered by some dark hint; suggestion follows suggestion; suspicion begets suspicion; every thing doubtful meets from prejudiced minds the worst possible construction, till at last the character is really made to look black as night, without having lost the least particle of its original whiteness. Thus may reputation be blasted by that slander, which makes the meat it feeds on.

How often do we find a competitor for office, anxious to suggest some cause of disqualification in a rival candidate, busily prying into the acquaintance of his inmates, and pressing the question of *my lord's tricks*. That's vile, as Hamlet says, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. No man can justify, on any consideration, an attempt to break in upon the confidence of friendship, or violate the privilege of the domestic sanctuary.

But in studying the lives of men, and in forming an estimate of their general character, the gentleman and scholar may rightfully be curious in the investigation of tricks. Trivial incidents and slight occurrences, often give more complete clues to character than great exploits, and brilliant achievements. It is his minuteness of narration, that has made Plutarch the prince of biographers. The student turns to him as authority, when he wishes to settle the reputation of an antient, and finds him ready to answer his questions of *my lord's tricks*.

## PIERRE.

### A GERMAN TALE.

IN a village of Franconia, dwe a peasant named Pierre. He po sessed the richest farm of th country. Three daughters an three sons, whom he had by h wife Theresa, were married, an inhabited his house with their r spective families. Pierre, at the a vanced age of eighty, and There of seventy-eight, were beloved an respected by their numerous chi dren, whose most ardent wi was to prolong their days. A they had passed a life of sobrie and industry, they were not afflic ed with infirmities in their o age; contented with themselv happy, and proud of their famil they returned thanks to God, a blessed their children.

One night, after the toils of t harvest were over, the good Pier Theresa, and their family, repos themselves, seated on the turf b fore the door of their habitatio admiring the sublimity of a fi summer's night, which the inha itants of cities are strangers t "See," said the old man, "h the sky is illumined with brilli stars. The moon, hid behind th poplars, sheds a pale and trembli light. The wind has ceased blow, and the tranquil trees se to respect the slumber of t birds. The linnet rests its he within its wing. The turtle do reposes with his mate in the mi of their young ones, who h yet no other covering than th mother's wing. The profou silence is only disturbed by a pla tive and distant cry, that strikes t ear at intervals. It is the o image of the wicked, he watch while others are wrapped in sle he incessantly complains, and fe the light of day. O my childre

be always virtuous, and happiness will attend your steps! For sixty years your mother and I have enjoyed peace and felicity, but may none of you purchase it at so dear a price."

At these words some tears fell on the old man's cheeks. Louisa, one of his grand-daughters, who was about twelve years old, ran and kissed him. "Grandfather," said she, "you give us so much pleasure when you tell us some pretty story! judge how much we should enjoy the relation of your own! it is not late, the night is fine, and nobody wishes to sleep." All Pierre's family joined their entreaties, and formed a circle round him. Louisa seated herself at his feet, and commanded silence. Each mother took on her lap the child whose cries might have caused an interruption; all remained listening; and the good old man, caressing with one hand Louisa, and with the other pressing that of his wife, thus began his history:

Many years have passed away since I was eighteen, and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, one of the wealthiest farmers of this country. I was one of the poorest peasants of the village, which I only became conscious of when I fell in love with Theresa. I exerted all my efforts to extinguish a passion that could but make me unhappy, as I was very confident that my poverty would be an invincible obstacle to my union with Theresa; and that I ought to renounce her, or seek some means of enriching myself, for that I must have left the village where Theresa lived; this effort was too much, and I preferred offering myself as a servant to her father.

He received me; you may judge with what alacrity I laboured. I soon became the friend of Aimar, and I still sooner gained the friendship of his daughter. You, my children, who have all married from affection, know how those who love, delight in seeking each other, and what we feel when once the heart is given. Theresa loved as much as she was beloved, I thought of nothing but Theresa; I lived near her, I saw her every day, and I thought this happiness would last for ever.

But I was soon undeceived;—a rich farmer came from a neighbouring village to ask Theresa in marriage. Aimar visited the corn fields of him who wished to be his son-in-law, and after having explored his possessions, decided that this man suited his daughter, and the marriage was fixed.

Our tears were of no avail. The inflexible Aimar told Theresa, that her gloominess displeased him, and she was compelled to conceal her tears. The fatal day approached; we had lost all hope; Theresa was about to become the wife of a man she detested. She was certain it would cause her death, I was determined not to survive her; flight was the only alternative; we left Aimar's house, but heaven severely punished us.

Theresa and I left the village in the middle of the night; she mounted on a little horse, that had been given her by her uncle, and which I decided she might take with her, as it did not belong to her father. A bundle of clothes, some provisions, and a small sum of money, the savings of Theresa, composed the whole of our fortune. Having robbed Aimar of his child, I scrupled to take any thing from

his house ;—thus youth makes virtues of her own.

We travelled all night. In the morning we found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia ; being out of the reach of pursuit, we stopped in a valley, by the side of one of those little rivulets which lovers are so fond of. Theresa descended from her horse, and we seated ourselves on the grass. We made a frugal but delicious repast, after which we occupied ourselves in considering what we should do.

After a long conversation, and having counted our money more than twenty times over, and estimated our horse at its highest value, we discovered that all our riches were not worth more than twenty ducats. Twenty ducats could not long support us. We at last decided to go to some large town, where, if pursued, we should be less easily discovered, and to get married as soon as possible. After these wise resolutions we took the road to Egra.

On our arrival we entered the first church and were married. We gave the priest the half of our treasure, and never was money spent with a better heart ; it seemed as though all our troubles were at an end, and we had nothing more to fear ; all went on very well for about eight days.

At the end of that time our horse was sold, and at the expiration of a month we had nothing remaining. What was to be done ? What was to become of us ? I only knew the rustic labours of the field ; and the inhabitants of great cities lay little store by the art which gives them bread ! Theresa was as unskilful as myself ; she suffered, she trembled for the future, and we mutually endeavoured to conceal our internal feelings from each other. At last, having no other resource, I enlisted in a regiment of cavalry, which was in garrison at Egra. The bounty I received was given to Theresa, who took it with tears.

My pay was sufficient for my support, and the little works done by Theresa (for necessity had instructed her), gave her the means of subsistence. A child came to bind faster the ties of love. It was you, my dear Gertrude ! we looked on you, and thought you would be the comfort of our latter days. At the birth of each of our children we have said the same, and never have been deceived. You were sent to nurse, as my wife could not suckle you ; she passed the day by the side of your cradle, while I, by the most exact observance of my duty, endeavoured to acquire the esteem and friendship of my officers.

Frederic, my Captain, a young man of twenty, was distinguished from the other officers by his mildness and handsome figure. He had shewed me marks of friendship, and I related to him our adventures. he saw Theresa, and was interested in our fate ; every day he promised to intercede with Aimar for us. and as I depended entirely upon him, he had given me his word that he would restore me my liberty as soon as he had appeased my father-in-law. Frederic had already written to our village, but had received no answer.

Time glided away ; my young Captain still manifested great friendship for us ; Theresa, however, became every day more melancholy, and when I asked the reason she spoke of her father, and always endeavoured to change the conversation. I was far from suspecting Frederic to be the cause of her grief.

This young man, in all the ardour of twenty, had seen Theresa with the eyes of love, and his passion conquered his virtue. He was well acquainted with our distresses, and knowing how much we stood in need of his assistance, dared to make dishonourable proposals to my wife; she rejected them with indignation, but conscious of my violent and jealous disposition, kept this fatal secret from me, while I, too credulous, praised every day the generous friendship of my Captain.

One day, as I was returning home, I perceived Aimar before me; judge of my surprise! "I have found you then, vile ravisher," exclaimed he, "restore me my daughter, give me back the happiness you tore from me, in return for my friendship," I fell on my knees before him, and patiently allowed the first burst of his anger to pass. My tears appeased him, and he consented to listen to me. "I do not pretend to justify myself," said I, "the harm is done; Theresa is my wife, my life is in your hands, punish me, but spare your child—your only child; do not dishonour her husband, do not make her die with grief. Forget me, and only think of her." In saying these words, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I led him to the habitation of your nurse, my child.—Come, added I, come and see another who also implores your pity!

You were sleeping in your cradle, Gertrude! your fair face expressed innocence and health. Aimar looked at you, his eyes filled with tears, I took you in my arms, and presented you to him. Here is also your daughter, said I; you awakened, and, as if inspired by heaven, instead of crying you smiled, and extended your little arms towards the old Aimar, you seized his silver locks, and approached your face to his. The old man covered you with kisses, pressed me to his heart, and, still holding you in his arms, exclaimed, "come, my son, let us seek Theresa." You may judge, my children, with what joy I conducted him to our house.

During the way I thought that the sudden appearance of her father might too much affect Theresa. With the intention of apprising her, I ran before Aimar. I opened the door, and beheld Frederic on his knees before Theresa, who was obliged to use force to disengage herself from his passionate grasp! scarce had this spectacle struck my eye, than my sword was plunged into the bosom of my Captain, and he fell bathed in his blood! his cries alarmed the neighbours, the guard arrived, my sword still reeked with blood, I was seized, and the unhappy Aimar arrived with the crowd to see his son-in-law loaded with irons. I embraced him, and recommended to his care my child and wife, who had fallen senseless, I kissed you, my Gertrude, and followed my comrades, who conducted me to a cell.

There I remained two days and three nights in a state which you may easily conceive. Ignorant of what had passed, knowing nothing of the fate of Theresa, I only saw my jailor, who answered all my questions, by assuring me that I could not remain long without being condemned.

The third day, the doors were opened: I was desired to leave the prison; a detachment awaited me at the door; I was surrounded, and conducted to the square where we used to be exercised. At a dis-

tance I perceived the regiment approaching. I saw the terrible instrument of death. The idea of having arrived at the height of misery restored me my courage: with a convulsive energy I quickened my steps; my tongue unconsciously pronounced the name of Theresa, I sought her with my eyes, and regretted her absence; at last I arrived at the fatal spot.

My sentence was read, I was given into the hands of the executioner; I expected the mortal blow, when piercing shrieks suspended my fate. I looked, and saw a spectre, half-naked, pale and bloody, exerting all his efforts to press through the soldiers by which I was surrounded. It was Frederic! "My friends," cried he, "'tis I that am guilty! 'tis I that deserved death! My friends, forgive the innocent. I wished to seduce his wife, he punished me, he was just: you are monsters if you dare take away his life!" The Colonel ran to Frederic, tried to tranquilize him, and shewed him the law by which I had been condemned, for having raised my hand against my officer. "I was no longer his officer," cried Frederic, "I had given him his freedom; here is his dismissal, signed the day previous to this unfortunate catastrophe, he is not subject to your laws." The astonished officers assembled; Frederic and humanity defended my rights; I was re-conducted to prison; Frederic wrote to the minister; accused himself, and obtained my pardon.

Aimar, Theresa, and I threw ourselves at the feet of my deliverer, who confirmed the gift of my liberty, and wished to add money, which we refused. We returned to this village, where the death of Aimar has left me sole master of his possessions, and where Theresa and I will finish our days in peace and happiness, surrounded by our children.

All Pierre's family had pressed around him during the recital. He had ceased speaking, and they still continued to listen, while tears bedewed their cheeks. "Be comforted," said the good old man, "Heaven has repaid all my trouble with your love." In saying these words he embraced them, and all the family retired to rest.

## *THE MEDLEY.*

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

*ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.*

HYPOCHONDRIACS.

MONTAGNE'S advice to a hypochondriacal friend, is applicable to many among his posterity. "Get your physician to order you a medicine for your head; it will do you more service there, than when applied to the stomach.

CARDAN wrote over the door of his library these words, "Tempager meus." Time is my estate. This idea is thus dilated by the learned Sculter, who inscribed over the door of his study:

Amice, quisquis huc venis,
Aut agita paucis, aut abi,
Aut me laborantem adjuva!

Which we thus render in English:

Friend, whosoe'er dost hither stray,
Either be brief, or pass away,
Or aid my labour of to-day!

When Muretus was taken ill on the road from Paris to Lyons, he was carried to the hospital, and the physicians that attended him, his case being a new one, and his appearance not much in his favour, thought him a fit subject for

experiment. "We may well venture to try an experiment on the body of so mean a man," said the doctors one to the other in Latin, apprehending they were talking in an unknown tongue. "*Mean*," replied the sick man in the same language, to their utter astonishment; "dare you call any man mean, for whom the Saviour of the world thought it not beneath him to die?" So elegant was Muretus' Latinity, that he imposed upon Scaliger some Latin lines, written by himself, as a fragment of Terence.

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EPITAPHS.

Nothing disgusts more than a wretched Epitaph. The balderdash that defaces most of our tombstones in the shape of numbers, instead of exciting serious reflections, really provokes the smile of derision. This is a sort of persecution beyond the grave, from which every classic Christian prays to be saved. The elegant Passerat, who flourished in the reign of Henry the 3d of France, to secure himself against this kind of *mortification* after *death*, wrote an epitaph consisting merely of an intimation, that his bones may rest in peace, only let them be unincumbered with vile verses.

Mea molliter ossa quiescent,
Sint modò carminibus non onerata malis

M. de Noailles was in love with the aunt of Henry the 4th, and wrote, one day on her chamber window,

Nul bonheur me contente,
Absent de ma *Divinite*.

To me no bliss can give content
Absent from my *Divinity*.

Henry seeing the lines soon after, wrote under them,

N'appellez pas ainsi ma Tante!
Elle aime trop *l'humanite*.

Do not, dear Sir, thus call my aunt!
She too much likes *humanity*.

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SOCRATES.

Socrates has often been quoted as an instance to show, that unassisted reason believed in the immortality of the soul, and the existence of one God. Yet the death of this philosopher evinces the faith of the Heathen. His last words were, "*I owe a cock to Aesculapius*."

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Henry, Duc de Montmorency, at the battle of Castelnaudari, received seventeen wounds. His surgeon offered to dress them. "Oh no, my good friend," said he, "one more will soon cure them all."

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PEACE AND GLORY.

Where is now the smile, that lighten'd
Every Hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope, that brighten'd
Honour's eye and pity's breast?
Have we lost the wreath we braided
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded?
Must the bay be plucked again?
Passing hour of sunny weather,
Lovely in your light awhile,
Peace and glory wed together,
Wander'd through the blessed isle,
And the eyes of peace would glisten,
Dewy as the morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
To the deeds her chief had done.
Is the hour of dalliance over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guest so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light:
Soothing light! that long shall sparkle
O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
Shedding hope's consoling ray!
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true,
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you!

*Most men*, says M. Chamfort, *are slaves, because they cannot pronounce the monosyllable "No," and are unable to live alone.*

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Voltaire had a tragedy and ship, each called Brutus. The tragedy was damned, and the ship made a good voyage. "Well," said the wit, "one Brutus made amends for the other."

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In the time of the Fronde at Paris, a man presented a dagger to the breast of Molè, menacing instant death unless he consented in parliament to some proposed decree which he thought prejudicial. "Know, my friend," said Molè, looking sternly at him, "the distance is infinite from the dagger of an assassin to the heart of an honest man."

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A person of quality one day showed Poussin a picture, done by himself. "Signior," said Poussin, "you only want a little poverty to make you a good painter."

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DUELLING.

The following story is told by Dr. Sandilands, in ridicule of duels. Col. Guise, going over one campaign to Flanders, observed a young raw officer, who was in the same vessel with him, and with his usual humanity, told him that he would take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, whither they were both going, which he accordingly did, and then took leave of him. The young fellow was soon told by some wags, whom he happened to meet, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. The young man said he knew no one but Col. Guise, and he had received great obligations from him. It is all one for that, they said, in these cases. The Col. was the fittest man in the world; every man knew his bravery. Soon afterwards up comes the young officer to Col. Guise, as he was walking up and down in the coffee-house, and begins in a hesitating manner to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his obligation. Sir, replied Col. Guise, I have done my duty to you and no more. "But, Colonel," added the young officer, "I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known resolution, and who *has killed several persons*, and that nobody—" "Oh Sir, replied the Col. "Your friends do me too much honor; but there is a gentleman, (pointing to a huge, fierce-looking, black fellow, that was sitting at one of the tables) who *has killed half the regiment*. So up goes the officer to him and tells him, he is well informed of his bravery, and for that reason, he must fight him. "Who? *I* Sir?" replied the gentleman; "why *I am Peale the Apothecary*."

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A man of *very delicate health*, but of great strength of character, used to say of himself, I am as well *the reed*, that *bends and never breaks*, as *the oak* that *breaks and never bends*; HOMO INTERIOR TOTUS NERVUS.

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The minor poems of Dr. Akenside, are fairly entitled to rank with The Pleasures of the Imagination. As copies are rare in this country, the Emerald will afford occasional selections.

ON THE USE OF POETRY.

BY AKENSIDE.

NOT for themselves did human kind
Contrive the parts by heaven assign'd
On life's wide scene to play;

Nor Scipio's force, nor Cæsar's skill
Can conquer glory's arduous hill,
If fortune close the way.

Yet still the self-depending soul,
Though last and least in fortune's roll,
His proper sphere commands;
And knows what nature's seal bestow'd,
And sees, before the throne of God,
The rank in which he stands.

Who train'd by laws the future age,
Who rescu'd nations from the rage
Of partial, factious power,
My heart with distant homage views;
Content if thou, celestial Muse,
Didst rule my natal hour!

Not far beneath the hero's feet;
Nor from the legislator's seat
Stands far remote the bard.
Though not with public terrors crown'd,
But wider shall his rule be found,
More lasting his reward.

Lycurgus fashion'd Sparta's fame,
And Pompey to the Roman name
Gave universal sway:
Where are they?—Homer's reverend page
Holds empire to the thirtieth age,
And tongues and climes obey

And thus when William's acts divine
No longer shall from Bourbon's line
Draw one vindictive vow;
When Sidney shall with Cato rest,
And Russel move the patriot's breast
No more than Brutus now;

Yet then shall Shakespear's powerful art
For every passion, every heart,
Confirm his awful throne:
Tyrants shall bow before his laws;
And freedom's, glory's, virtue's cause,
Their dread assertor own.

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### RUSSIAN HONESTY.

In the little town of Oranienbaum lives a woman, bordering on society, by the name of Christophorevna, a native of Holstein. A little hut is her sole possession, and the visits of a few shipmasters coming over from Cronstadt to go to Petersburgh by land, when the wind does not serve for sailing up, her only livelihood.

Several Dutch skippers having one evening supped at her house, after their departure she found a sealed bag of money under the table. Her surprise at this unexpected discovery was naturally very great: some one of the company just gone must certainly have forgotten it; but they were sailed over to Cronstradt and perhaps at sea, the wind being fair, and therefore no hope of the guests returning. The good woman put up the bag in her cupboard to keep it till called for. However, nobody called for it. Full seven years did she carefully keep this deposit, often tempted by opportunities, still oftener pressed by want to employ this gift of chance. Her honesty, however, overcame every allurement of opportunity and every command of want. Seven years had elapsed when some shipmasters again stopped at her house, to take what refreshment they could find. Three of them were Englishmen, the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing of various matters, one of the former asked the Dutchman whether he had ever before been at Oranienbaum.—"Yes, sure I have" returned he, "I know the cursed place but too well; my being here once cost me seven hundred rubles." "How so?" "Why, in one of these wretched hovels here I once got rather tipsy and left behind me a bag of rubles."—"Was the bag sealed?" asked old Christophorevna, who was sitting in one corner of the room, and had been roused to attention to what she had heard.——"Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal here at my watch-chain"—The woman looked at the seal and knew it directly.—"Well then." said she, "by that you may be able to recover what you lost."—"Recover it, mother! no, I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest as that comes

to. Besides, consider it is now seven years since.—I wish I had not mentioned it; it always makes me melancholy. Let us have no more of it. Give me another tumbler of punch, mother."

While the four gentlemen were engaged in drowning the remembrance of the doleful accident in punch, the good woman had slipt out, and was now waddling in with her bag.—"See here, perhaps you may be convinced that honesty is not so rare as you imagined," said she, putting the bag upon the table.

The guests were dumb with astonishment: and, on recollecting themselves, the reader may represent to himself their several expressions of commendation and gratitude. The four captains were all rather stricken in years, and had navigated the seas from Japan to Newfoundland, and from the Cape of Good Hope to Archangel; had had dealings with black and brown faces, with woolly-haired and powdered heads—therefore, that their amazement was so great, is certainly no panegyric on our times.

Never were such strong emotions excited in any human mind, as that of the Dutchman. From the firmest persuasion of his loss to the completest certainty of its recovery—the transition was too sudden and too great not to set every fibre of his phlegmatic body in vibration. One look at the honest woman to whom he was indebted for this transport of joy, brought him to himself. A sudden impulse of magnanimity overpowered him, to which all other sensations reverently gave way. He seized the bag, tore open the seal, took—one ruble out, and laid it on the table, with a civil thanksgiving for the trouble the hostess had had.

If the astonishment of the other three was great before, it was now effaced by a greater. They stood looking at one another for a minute as silent as the grave.

"Damme," at last exclaimed one of the Englishmen, striking his fist upon the table; "that bag there, my lad, you shall not carry off so. Devil fetch me, but the old woman shall have it!"—His two countrymen, who had been mute till now, added their hearty concurrence to his proposal. The Dutchman turned pale, but endeavoured to console himself by the reiterated protestations of Christophorevna that she required nothing at all, that she thought she had done no more than her duty, and insisted that the Dutchman should even take back his ruble. However the Britons could not so easily be brought to strike sail. The conversation grew warm; oaths followed rapidly on each other, and the fists of the Englishmen were doubling spontaneously, and attitudes formed for putting an end to the dispute *via facti*: during all which the Dutchman was striving to get the *corpus delicti* into his custody.

After a long debate, conducted with various degrees of heat, perceiving no possibility of success against the sturdy arguments likely to be advanced, the skipper agreed to part with fifty rubles. The Englishmen insisted on a hundred. This proposal seemed to the Dutchman so unreasonable, that he declared he would sooner encounter the whole weight of their fists than comply with it.

"Avast, my lads!" cried the captain who had made the first attack upon the Dutchman's generosity. "I have somewhat to say. The bag does not belong to us. That is true; but a Briton

will never stand by and not see justice done; and by h— the woman here has acted nobly, and ought to be rewarded. Give me hold the bag. I will count out the hundred rubles."

No sooner said than done. The Dutchman, thunderstruck at this summary way of proceeding, had not time to recover himself before the hundred rubles were fairly counted upon the table. This brought on a truce. Where humanity, gratitude, generosity, and English fists had made the attack in vain, there conquered—national pride. The Dutchman insisted upon it, that the Britons should let him treat them; and in perfect stoical resignation parted with a hundred of his beloved, long lamented, and lately recovered rubles. *(Storch's Picture of Petersburgh.)*

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Vanity, says some one, makes a man exert his talents more forcibly, than he otherwise would have done. Give a dart feathers; it becomes an arrow.

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## *INTELLIGENCE.*

### DOMESTIC.

A new and very useful work on the management of children, has been received by the Rebecca, just arrived from London, and we are informed is putting to press by Mr. James Humphreys, of Philadelphia. It has been received in England with great applause, and is very highly spoken of in the Reviews. It is entitled, "Discourses on the Management of Infants, and the treatment of their Diseases; written in a plain familiar style, to render them *useful to all mothers.* By John Herdman, M. D. member of the royal college of physicians, London; of the medical society, Edinburgh—and one of the physicians of the city dispensary."

*"We write to reason; Hence ye doating train*
*Of Midwives and of Nurses ignorant!*
*Old Madams grey, in error positive*
*And stiff in prejudice, whose fatal care*
*Oft death attends, or a life worse than death."*

F. Nichols, Philadelphia, proposes to publish Elements of General History, ancient and modern. By Alexander Fraser Tytler, 8vo. Price to subscribers, 2 dollars 50 cents.—Also, Selections from the Spectator, Tatler and Guardian. By Mrs. Barbauld, 3 vols. 12mo. price to subscribers 2 dols. 75 cents.

Cushing and Appleton, Salem, respectfully inform the Gentlemen of the Faculty, that they intend shortly to publish the two following works, viz—*The Anatomy of the Gravid Uterus*, with practical inferences relative to Pregnancy and Labour. By John Burns, surgeon in Glasgow:—And a Practical Treatise on various diseases of the Abdominal Viscera, By C. R. Pemberton, M D.

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## NOTICE.

Oliver and Munroe of this town, have issued proposals for printing by subscription, three theological tracts of great value. The History of the Evidences, and The Trial of the Witnesses of the Resurrection; the first by Gilbert West, and the second by Dr. Sherlock, with Remarks on the conversion of St. Paul, from the pen of Lord Lyttleton.

The productions of Gilbert West, and of Dr. Sherlock, are not merely useful to every candidate for sacred honours, but are dear to every lover of literature, to all who can admire reasoning for its cogency, or illustration for its striking perspicuity. The history of the Evidences and remarks on the apostle's conversion, it is well known, were the works of two friends, who about the same period, volunteered their efforts in the cause of christianity, and as events have proved, *thus did the world some service.* There is a right to mention private friendship, which has given posterity such cause of grateful remembrance. *Claude Anet* replied to Lord Lyttleton rather from vanity to contend with so distinguished a writer, than from any hope of victory in the contest. Alexander could be drawn out when kings were antagonists, because glory was in success, and scarcely disgrace in defeat. The conversion of Paul is placed by his Lordship in such strong light, with the impediments that preceded, the privations and disgrace that followed it, the reader feels obliged to admit, that it could have been produced by nothing short of inspiration. *This can be none other than the hand of Heaven.*

# POETRY.

## STANZAS TO MATILDA.

BY WILLIAM HOWARD.

How fair is the morning! the soft gales are blowing,
And Spring with fresh verdure enamels the ground,
The streams thro' the vale in still murmurs are flowing,
And the blossoms of May scatter fragrance around.
Return, O Matilda! I languish in sorrow;
How long shall I seek thee, and seek thee in vain?
Still pining in sadness, from morrow to morrow,
Till you haste to these scenes of past pleasure again.
See th ose hills crown'd with verdure those sweet-smiling vallies,
The hut peeping forth from yon thick-woven trees;—
Can the splendour of courts, or the glare of a palace,
Afford my Matilda such pleasure as these?
The streams which along the rich meadow meander,
The flowers, whose gay beauties embellish the plain;—
Ah! do they not tell thee no farther to wander,
But to turn to these scenes of thy childhood again?
How oft have we stray'd o'er the heights of yon mountain,
Or wander'd, at eve, thro' the shade of the grove:
Our minds were as pure as the waves of the fountain,
Our souls were sincere, and our language was love.
How oft have we rose, e'er the dawn of the morning
Had broke from the east, and illumin'd the skies—
To watch her first beams, yon tall summit adorning,
And the bright orb of day in full splendor arise.
O! say, are these moments forgotten for ever?
Doth no fond remembrance e'er call for a sigh?
The pangs which I suffer, O! say, do they never
Cause the tear of compassion to gleam in thine eye?
A mournful adieu! these enjoyments [illegible] tasted;
Alas! my fair prospects have fa[illegible] away—
I wander about, feeble, languid, [illegible] wasted,
My spirits, my frame, sinking fa[illegible] decay.
Native village, adieu! O wh at p[illegible] rend my bosom!
Thy haunts, once so dear, I must [illegible] no more;
The sweet bud of hope has been nip[illegible] its blossom,
And peace to my soul nought can [illegible] restore;
When at length the green turf my [illegible] shall cover,
If by chance my Matilda should [illegible] wander near,
Parhaps she will sigh, when she t[illegible] on her lover,
And the grave of Rosario be-wet [illegible] a tear.

## TO THE GNAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURE[illegible] MEMORY.

"When by the greenwood side at [illegible] mer eve,
Poetic visions charm my closing e[illegible]
And fairy-scenes, that fancy love[illegible] weave,
Shift to wild notes of sweetest [illegible] strelsy;
'Tis thine to range in busy quest of [illegible]
Thy feathery antlers quivering [illegible] delight,
Brush from thy lids the hues of h[illegible] away,
And all is solitude, and all is nigh[illegible]
—Ah! now thy barbed shaft, relentle[illegible]
Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry [illegible]
No guardian sylph, in golden panop[illegible]
Lifts the broad shield, and point[illegible] sparkling spear.
Now near and nearer rush thy whi[illegible] wings,
Thy dragon-scales still wet with [illegible] man gore:
Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful l[illegible] flings!
—I wake in horror, and "dare sle[illegible] more!

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